The Fern Hill Palace, Ootacamund, The Nilgiris, South India

Monday, June 29, 1

Dear JCW:

Welcome home! I'm sure you can have no idea how much everybody missed you. Me, too.

Did you shoot Mr. Truman and did you meet a Grisly bear - or vice-versa?

Naturally, I am practically dying of suspense until I can hear all about it.

Most of all I will be eager to hear if you have returned with a feeling about what you, personally, can do in the world, to give leadership in constructive directions.

I have a rough draft on paper of some very specific thoughts about this. But I don't want to complete it for you until we have "talked out" your trip and your reactions.

The work on the book is proceeding, but more slowly now. I shall sit here at this typewriter until you are ready to talk with me. Send for me then. My files and papers are in such a state that I think I had better leave everything right here rather than drag them all down to Mysore again, which would mean losing valuable time on the book. When it is decided whether I am coming or going and in which direction, and when, I'll come back here and re-organize. I would think the sooner we can talk, the better, - before you wear yourself out describing the trip to all the people who will be interested; or before you get caught up in official duties too deeply again. But it's up to you to say; I'll come to you at your convenience.

We are having continuous rains and wild typhoonic winds roar through the cyprus and eucalyptus trees. It's lovely, and I'm ~~enjoying~~ every minute of it.

Hoping to see you soon,

Regards, always,
Julie
Julie Medlock

Jaya Chamaraja Wadiyar
His Highness, The Maharajah of Mysore
The Palace
Bangalore, India